

Charismatic Lucas Gray Chapter

1091-1100

"Haha, Mr. White, I bet that bastard Lucas Gray will die miserably this time! This place belongs to the Whitleys, and there are experts everywhere. It'll be hard for him to escape no matter how well he can fight!" Jace said excitedly.

The white-bearded old man nodded in agreement. "Yes, Lucas Gray's martial arts skills are quite impressive. He's the youngest expert I've seen in all these years, but he's nothing in front of the royal family!"

"Look at those two old fogeys standing behind Ashton Hills. They're top experts of the Hills, and they're even stronger than me. No matter how powerful Lucas Gray is, there's no way he can fight against those two!"

Hearing this, Jace was overjoyed. "Great! I can't wait to see Lucas getting defeated!"

Meanwhile, a sharp look appeared in Lucas's eyes when he heard Ashton using the lives of Alexander and Ashley to threaten him.

"Are you trying to threaten me into continuing with the tournament?" Lucas questioned coldly.

Ashton smiled smugly. "Yes, you don't have a choice now, unless you want to see your friends die in front of you."

Lucas sneered and looked at the two old men with terrifying auras behind Ashton. "Seems like these two powerhouses next to you are your reliance, huh? If I pay you back in your own coin and threaten you with your life, how will things turn out?"

Ashton was stunned for a moment and then burst into laughter. "Punk, who do you think you are? How dare you—"

Before he could finish speaking, Lucas's body suddenly swayed and appeared in front of Ashton with one hand tightly wrapped around his throat!

Lucas moved so quickly that he had already caught Ashton before those two old men could react.

This scene made the surrounding spectators exclaim in shock.

The reason was simple. Lucas's actions of killing the man with a dragon tattoo, kicking Godfrey Steele to death, killing the top expert hired by the Steeles with a single punch in the ring, and forcing the eldest scion of the Steeles to crawl out of the fighting hall made him the focus of countless people.

Moreover, the few burly men that Ashton brought over to stop Lucas were wearing the staff uniform of Club Illuma.

Thus, the conflict between a powerful young man like Lucas and the staff of Club Illuma had attracted the attention of countless people.

Although most of the audience didn't know Ashton's true identity or that the family operating Club Illuma was the Hills, they were all aware that the club had a background so powerful that even the eight top families of DC didn't dare to covet it.

Yet the young man who was suspected to be the manager of Club Illuma was being strangled by Lucas!

Lucas's incredible courage left them speechless. They were full of awe toward him!

Jace and the white-bearded old man, who were waiting to see an exciting show not far away, also saw this scene.

Jace exclaimed in astonishment, "How is that possible?! Didn't you say that those two old men are more skilled than you? How did they let Lucas catch Ashton instantly?"

What a familiar scene...

Jace immediately recalled that he had the same attitude about half an hour ago, thinking that he could provoke Lucas since he had the help of the white-bearded old man. Yet Lucas had suddenly appeared in front of Jace and strangled him, almost scaring him soulless!

Therefore, Jace really felt some empathy for Ashton, whom Lucas was strangling at the moment.

The white-bearded old man was likewise astonished.

The two old men who followed Ashton were indeed slightly stronger than him, but even then, Lucas managed to grab Ashton from their hands in an instant! That punk Lucas is just like a demon!

Seeing Ashton caught, an old man beside him instantly yelled, "Punk, let go of Mr. Ashton immediately! Otherwise, you'll end up incredibly miserable!"

Lucas suddenly smiled and said, "If I let him off, I'm afraid you won't let me off anyway. In that case, I might as well just kill him!"

Then Lucas suddenly tightened his grip on Ashton, strangling him so hard that his eyes rolled backward and he almost passed out.

Seeing this, the two old men were both terrified and hurriedly yelled, "Stop!"

"Punk, we're from the Hills, a royal family branch. The person you're strangling is the scion of the Hills! If you really dare to kill him, the Hills will never spare you!"

Lucas suddenly laughed. "I knew you were from the Hills a long time ago. But so what? Do you think I'd be afraid of you?"

The two old men's faces darkened even more.

Indeed, they were already used to everyone's reverence for the royals, as everyone almost always made way for them as long as they revealed their identities in the past. As long as they didn't encounter the other royal family branches, no one would dare to provoke them.

But this young man in front of them didn't act like most people did. He actually didn't take the Hills seriously at all!

They had no doubt that he would really dare to kill Ashton!

Seeing that Ashton's face had turned purplish from the lack of oxygen and his struggling becoming weaker and weaker, they felt extremely conflicted and were in a dilemma about what to do.

The surrounding spectators started discussing one after another.

"That young man is really impressive! Look, those people in front of him are wearing the uniform of Club Illuma, so the young man he's strangling is obviously the manager of Club Illuma."

"The eight top families of DC don't even dare to offend Club Illuma, yet that young man actually has the guts to attack the people of Club Illuma!"

"That young man is really daring! Don't forget he just killed Godfrey Steele, a member of the eight top families of DC in public, and even forced the eldest scion of the Steeles to crawl out of here. He must have a powerful status!"

"Is that young man also a descendant of a certain royal family branch?"

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Many among the crowd were speculating, their attention drawn to Lucas.

In contrast, not many people were paying attention to the exciting battle in the ring.

Seeing that Ashton was really about to be choked to death by Lucas and that even his eyes had rolled backward, the two old men finally realized that Lucas really dared to kill Ashton.

"Punk, you... quickly let go of him! We can discuss matters calmly!" one of the old men yelled at Lucas anxiously.

The other hurriedly said, "Yes, as long as you let Mr. Ashton off, we can talk things over calmly. You're about to kill him!"

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Lucas didn't really want to strangle Ashton now. He loosened his grip a little, allowing him to catch his breath, and then ordered the two old men in front of him, "Now, let my friends leave safely. Don't stop them!"

The old man next to Ashton immediately agreed, "Alright, no problem. We'll let them go immediately!"

He waved his hand, and the few people from Club Illuma surrounding in front immediately backed away to make space for them.

Alexander and Ashley were both stunned. Although they were overjoyed, they still asked worriedly, "What about you?"

"You guys go ahead," Lucas said calmly.

Alexander and Ashley looked at each other. They knew that they couldn't be of any help here and would only be a burden to Lucas. So they quickly left without saying any nonsense.

Actually, the reason Lucas thought of threatening the two old men with Ashton's life was that Ashton had threatened him with the lives of Alexander and Ashley.

He was just paying him back in his own coin.

Besides, as long as Alexander and Ashley left, it was absolutely impossible for Ashton to make him stay.

After the two siblings left, one of the old men said, "We have already released them as you requested. Isn't it time you let Mr. Ashton go?"

Lucas raised his brows. "Naturally. If you want revenge, feel free to come at me. But if you dare to threaten me with the people I care about, you won't be able to bear the consequences of doing so!"

With that, Lucas casually threw Ashton's body to the floor.

Ashton had been choked by Lucas to the point where his eyes had rolled backward and he had almost died of suffocation. Now that Lucas tossed him to the floor, he passed out completely.

Two people wearing the uniform of Club Illuma immediately dashed toward Ashton to check his condition, but the two old men remained put. They still stood in front of Lucas with no intention of letting him leave.

“What? Do you still want to continue fighting with me?” Lucas asked with raised brows.

One of the old men said with a gloomy expression, “Since you’ve knocked Mr. Ashton unconscious, you shouldn’t think about leaving so easily! Let’s exchange some blows so that I can see how capable you are!”

Lucas remained fearless and sneered. “Come on then. You two can fight me together. I’ve never been afraid of anyone!”

Hearing this, the two old men felt that Lucas was just blowing his trumpet. Of course, they had to fight him together to teach him a lesson.

But after thinking about it for a while, the two decided that one of them would go up first to test the waters and see how skilled Lucas was while the other walked toward Ashton to protect him.

Although Lucas had just let go of Ashton, they couldn’t be certain that he wouldn’t repeat the same method and capture Ashton again. If it happened again, they would both be in trouble!

“Boy, let’s see what you’re capable of!”

After that old man finished speaking, he stomped his foot on the floor and charged toward Lucas.

“Wow!”

“They’re really fighting!”

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Seeing the old man acting against Lucas, the crowd in the hall became excited and watched the fight between Lucas and the old man with great interest and enthusiasm.

At this moment, the fight in the ring was overshadowed, and the audience lost interest in it.

These two old men were both quite skilled, and they were the strongest opponents Lucas had encountered since he left the southern border. He didn't dare to be careless but put himself in his best state possible and charged forward violently to collide with the old man!

Bang!

With an explosive sound, their bodies separated almost as soon as they came into contact.

The audience didn't have time to see how the two were fighting. All they could see was the old man's body being thrown backward by several steps before standing firm, while Lucas remained standing in place without taking a single step back!

"Wow! Amazing! That young man didn't even take a step back. He's obviously stronger than that old man!"

"Truly impressive! Where is that young man from? He's like a god of martial arts, and most importantly, he's still so calm after the clash, just like a true expert!"

"Awesome! He's definitely going to be the champion tonight!"

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The audience shouted loudly, their excited voices filling the air.

After witnessing Lucas's spectacular performance tonight, many people thought that he would be the undisputed champion of tonight's annual tournament!

Even the champions of previous years could barely match up to him!

Seeing how boisterous the audience was because of Lucas, the two experts found it meaningless to continue fighting in the ring. They also felt strongly that they would never be able to defeat Lucas for the championship, so they left the ring after a perfunctory fight.

The spectators didn't see clearly how the two clashed, but the old man was well aware.

At this moment, his fist and abdomen were aching dully, his fingers were trembling slightly, and his heart was full of horror.

Within the brief moment before they were about to collide, Lucas threw an unbelievably fast punch at the old man's fist, easily stopping his attack.

Immediately afterward, he threw another punch with his other hand at lightning speed, striking him hard in his abdomen. The massive impact immediately made the old man take several steps backward before he could stand firm.

So after the clash, Lucas knocked the old man backward, but the old man suffered a loss without even touching the corner of Lucas's clothes.

The even more frightening thing was that based on the force of Lucas's fist, his strength was clearly far above his own, especially since Lucas still seemed to be at ease. It looked like he had yet to exert his full strength!

What a terrifying young man!

At this moment, the old man even felt ashamed. He had practiced martial arts all his life, yet he was still no match for a young man in his twenties. It wasn't because he wasn't skilled enough but because Lucas was too monstrous!

How did he become such a monster?

Lucas looked at the old man and asked, "Do we continue?"

He didn't have the intention of going further now that he had the upper hand, nor did he want to kill these people here.

After all, these two old men were both from the Hills. Although Lucas wasn't afraid of them, he knew that it would definitely bring him lots of trouble.

Lucas's words could be considered an out for the old man. It was up to him to decide whether to take it or not.

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The old man's face was extremely gloomy. A moment later, he gritted his teeth and said, "Punk, you're really something, but we won't forget what happened today!"

He was stepping back but still issued a threat.

Lucas laughed nonchalantly and left the fighting hall calmly.

Seeing Lucas leaving just like that, the spectators in the hall were all full of regret.

They had planned to watch Lucas continue competing until the end of the tournament, yet he left just like that!

In particular, the guests who had bet on Lucas winning broke into commotion.

But they only complained to the staff in Club Illuma. None of them dared to go up to stop Lucas from leaving.

"What do you think?" After seeing Lucas leave, the other old man, who had been guarding Ashton, came over and asked with a grim look.

The old man who had fought with Lucas frowned deeply. "He's indeed very strong. I'm afraid I'm no match for him. Anyway, we'd better report today's matter to the Hills and see what the higher-ups decide."

“Yes, that’s all we can do!”

After coming to a consensus, the two old men brought the unconscious Ashton back to the Hills residence.

Meanwhile, Jace and the white-bearded old men, who had witnessed everything, looked rather sullen.

They didn’t expect that things would turn out like this. Ashton was unconscious, and the two old men were too afraid to fight against Lucas, allowing him to leave unscathed.

This was completely different from the scene they had expected!

“Mr. White, can... can we really defeat Lucas Gray?” Jace’s heart was suddenly full of doubts, and he no longer looked as confident as before.

Whenever he saw Lucas, Lucas seemed to be even more powerful than before, making Jace feel extremely uneasy.

1

The white-bearded old man pondered for a while before saying, “We can’t go on like this. Tonight, I will take you somewhere. You have to improve your strength as soon as possible!”

After Jace heard this, his eyes immediately lit up.

Somewhere... I can quickly improve my skills?

If I can be as powerful as Lucas or even surpass him, I won’t have to be afraid of anything anymore!

But despite rejoicing, the thought of Lucas’s terrifying skills made Jace worried again. “Lucas said he won’t let me off tonight. Can we... really succeed in leaving?”

"..." The white-bearded old man was silent for a while before finally saying, "He must have left instead of coming to you just now because he knows that Club Illuma belongs to the Hills and that it's unlikely he'll be able to take you away here.

"Moreover, since he already knows that you're in Club Illuma, he might think you'll keep hiding here and not dare to leave. In that case, we'll do the opposite and immediately leave DC tonight. Afterward, it'll be difficult for him to find us again!"

The old man revealed his plan.

After hearing this, Jace finally felt relieved and agreed.

Although Jace was a little reluctant to leave DC, thinking of the place the white-bearded old man was about to take him to and the possibility of becoming a peerless expert even more skilled than Lucas, he became enthusiastic again.

1

At the entrance of Club Illuma...

Just as Lucas stepped out of the entrance, two surprising cries came from a short distance away.

"Mr. Gray!"

"Lucas!"

Then two figures hurried over. They were Alexander and Ashley, who had left Club Illuma earlier.

"Lucas, are you alright?" Ashley asked, sizing Lucas up worriedly.

Lucas was honestly heartened to see that the two of them didn't leave on their own but instead risked their lives to wait for him here to confirm his safety.

If something had really happened to Lucas here, the Hills probably wouldn't have let them off.

At the very least, they were righteous and not ingrates.

Lucas shook his head and smiled. "I'm fine. It's getting late. Let's go home."

Despite saying this, he remained still.

Alexander immediately knew that Lucas probably had something else to do, so he said, "Alright, since you're fine, we can finally be at ease, Mr. Gray. Thank you for helping us out big time today. We'll treat you to drinks another day for sure!"

Then Alexander patted Lucas on his back and left with Ashley.

"Alex, are we leaving just like that? What if the people in Club Illuma chase after Lucas to harm him?" Ashley asked worriedly after being dragged to the car while constantly turning around to look at Lucas.

Alexander sighed with a solemn expression. "Even if the people of Club Illuma really want to harm Mr. Gray, what can we do to help him? We'll only be adding to his burden if we stay by his side!"

Ashley's face immediately turned downcast, and she lowered her head without saying anything.

Alexander had a nagging feeling from Ashley's abnormal behavior tonight, especially when the two of them were waiting for Lucas outside. She was on tenterhooks the whole time and kept staring intently at the entrance of Club Illuma. And when Lucas appeared, her eyes even lit up with excitement.

It was a look he rarely saw in his sister's eyes.

Thinking of something, Alexander suddenly asked, "Ashley, tell me honestly. Have you fallen in love with Mr. Gray?"

"You... Alex... what are you saying?" Ashley's face instantly turned red, and she stammered while avoiding eye contact with Alexander diffidently.

Seeing his sister's behavior, he immediately let out a long sigh. He knew that she must have a crush on Lucas.

He knew how charming a handsome and powerful man like Lucas could be to women.

Alexander was speechless at the thought of how much Ashley had disliked Lucas at first and how they had almost gotten into a conflict, but she actually fell in love with him in less than two hours.

But there were still some things that he had to say. Otherwise, it would cause greater harm to his sister.

Alexander took a deep breath and said in a deep voice, "Ashley, I have to let you know that Mr. Gray is already married. He loves his wife very much, and they have a five-year-old daughter. They're a very loving family.

"No other woman stands a chance."

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In order to find out Lucas's true identity, Alexander had sent someone to investigate his basic information last night. So he easily found out his marital status and family situation.

Alexander was especially shocked to learn that Lucas had been a live-in husband.

But regardless of when he was still a penniless young man who had yet to make a name for himself or when he returned to Orange County a powerful man after six years, he had always been good to his wife.

This was extremely rare.

Thus, Alexander thought that he should make Ashley know she had no chance and to forget those feelings early, lest she gets hurt further.

After hearing what Alexander said, Ashley trembled, and her face turned sullen.

She lowered her head and bit her lip. After a while, she said, "Got it. Don't worry, Alex. I won't have any other thoughts about him. How can a girl like me be worthy of such an outstanding man?"

As she spoke, two bright and clear teardrops streamed down her eyes. She hurriedly turned her head.

Seeing how sad his sister was, Alexander was at a loss for how to comfort her.

Love had always been the most mysterious thing in the world.

Perhaps, it was why people tended to fall in love with others at inadvertent moments.

... Just like his sister.

But no matter what, since Lucas already had a loving relationship with his wife and even shared a daughter with her, there was no way things would work out between Ashley and him. In that case, it would be better to sever things right from the start.

After sighing again, Alexander started the car and left with Ashley.

Although Alexander had become the winner of the annual tournament thanks to Lucas's help, Godfrey had died, and Trevor had left in humiliation. Alexander had no idea what was waiting for him when he returned to the family.

He hoped he wouldn't face the wrath of his family...

...

Meanwhile, after Alexander and Ashley left, Lucas immediately called Jordan. "Quickly come to Club Illuma. There's something urgent here!"

"Got it!" Jordan immediately agreed.

Lucas did have something important to do now.

He had finally managed to find Jace, so how could he possibly let him off?

There had been many experts in Club Illuma just now, so Lucas couldn't force Jace to tell him about his mother in public. So he had waited until now to capture Jace once he left.

He had called Jordan over just in case.

Since Club Illuma was the home base of the Hills, he couldn't guarantee that there wouldn't be more experts sent to follow Jace.

Jordan would help Lucas prevent Jace from escaping.

Jordan sped through the streets and arrived at the entrance of Club Illuma in less than 20 minutes. Fortunately, it was late at night, and there was barely any traffic on the road, so he managed to arrive quickly.

"Lucas, what's the urgent matter?" Jordan immediately asked with a look of caution as soon as he saw Lucas.

"I found Jace. He's in Club Illuma," Lucas said.

"Hah, that punk is hiding here? No wonder I couldn't find him after searching for so long!" Jordan said in annoyance.

Previously, Lucas had asked Jordan to help him find Jace's whereabouts in DC. Jordan had ordered his subordinates to keep an eye on the people coming in and out of the Hutton residence in DC, but even after searching for three days, he still couldn't find Jace. He was surprised to discover that Jace had been hiding in Club Illuma and had never returned to the Hutton residence.

Lucas briefly told him about what had just happened in Club Illuma.

Hearing this, Jordan had a murderous look on his face. "Lucas, why don't we rush into this club right now and drag that punk Jace out?! Even if Club Illuma belongs to the Hills, we don't have to be afraid of them!"

Jordan knew that Lucas wanted to find out more about his mother from Jace.

Lucas shook his head. "It's actually not that difficult to capture Jace, but there won't be any benefits to fighting with the experts of the Hills. There will even be endless trouble.

"The Hills are one of the royal family branches after all. If we shame them too much, they won't take it lying down. I'm not scared, and I know you're not either, but what about our loved ones? What about my family, Maddy, and the others?"

Hearing this, Jordan was instantly speechless.

Indeed, although they were very skilled in martial arts and didn't fear the Hills, they had to be scared for the people around them.

The more relationships they had, the more concerns they had. They truly couldn't behave the same way as when they were in Calico.

"In that case, are we just going to wait here for that coward Jace to come out?" Jordan asked.

Lucas nodded. "Yes. Since I've already found him, I bet he won't continue staying in Club Illuma. He must be thinking about going somewhere I can't find, so let's just wait here for him to come out."

"Alright!" Jordan agreed.

Time passed minute by minute, second by second. Jordan kept staring at the entrance of the club without daring to relax at all.

When they were in the Falcon Regiment, they had carried out countless similar missions, so keeping an eye on the target was a run-of-the-mill task for Lucas and Jordan.

"He's here!"

About half an hour later, Lucas opened his eyes to look at the entrance of Club Illuma.

A few seconds later, Jace and the white-bearded old man appeared at the door.

Jordan and Lucas remained still in the car.

When discovering the target, the most important thing was to stay calm in order not to startle them and scare them away.

The white-bearded old man was very alert. After walking out of the club, he scanned the surroundings for any unusual movement.

For some reason, he clearly didn't notice anything unusual, but he had an ominous premonition, as if something was watching him.

But he thought that it might just be paranoia.

Jace looked around nervously and asked, "Mr. White, that bastard should have left, right?"

The white-bearded old man scanned the surroundings and answered, "Probably."

Then the two of them got into a relatively low-key black Mercedes-Benz car.

The car quickly started and soon drove off.

"Don't lose him, and don't let him find out," Lucas instructed.

Jordan immediately started the car and kept close behind the Mercedes-Benz.

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In the Mercedes-Benz, the driver was driving while the white-bearded old man and Jace were sitting in the backseat.

But for some reason, the white-bearded old man kept feeling uneasy and would look out the window from time to time.

However, Jace didn't feel anything at all. After getting in the car, he heaved a sigh of relief and said, "Haha, Lucas actually said he wouldn't let me off, but what happened in the end? He didn't dare to appear in front of me."

The white-bearded old man frowned when he saw Jace's maniacal and ignorant expression.

Jace's disposition was truly inferior to Lucas's. If he didn't quickly correct it, he probably wouldn't be able to achieve success. Not only would he not be able to defeat Lucas, but it would be impossible for him to obtain the position of the Whitleys' successor.

But he didn't have a better choice now.

Although it was already past ten at night, because Club Illuma was in a luxurious area of DC, even at this moment, there was still a lot of traffic on the road, and it was extremely lively.

Thus, Lucas and Jordan were driving in their black Land Rover a long distance behind the Mercedes-Benz without attracting the attention of the white-bearded old man.

But when the Mercedes-Benz drove off the main roads twenty minutes later and turned into an area with less traffic, the black Land Rover following more than 100 meters behind became conspicuous.

"Oh no, we're being followed!" the white-bearded old man said with a solemn expression.

"What?! Followed? Who? Lucas Gray?" Jace, resting in the backseat, immediately panicked and almost sprung up from his seat anxiously.

The white-bearded old man rebuked, "Why are you panicking? Don't forget that you're the future successor of the Whitleys. How can you panic as soon as you hear Lucas Gray's name?"

Jace quickly sat down and kept his mouth shut.

But a few simple remarks from the white-bearded old man said wouldn't eliminate the panic and worry within his heart. He turned around to look out the window again and again.

The white-bearded old man said indifferently, "Don't worry. He won't be able to do anything to us. I've already prepared for this. If he continues following us, he might have to pay for it with his life!"

Then the white-bearded old man took out his phone and called someone. "Stop the black Land Rover behind us in the middle of Ninth Boulevard!"

After he hung up, Jace hurriedly asked, "Mr. White, have you arranged for help? Who is it? Is it someone reliable?"

The white-bearded old man said in a deep voice, "The people I invited are the top assassins from the second top assassin organization in the world, Flame Dragon. With them here, we'll definitely be safe!"

"Flame Dragon!"

As soon as he heard the name, Jace had shock written all over his face. "I heard that Flame Dragon rarely takes up missions in the United States, but it's very famous in Europe and Asia. How did you manage to hire Flame Dragon's top assassins?"

"But since Flame Dragon ranks second in the world, its strength is naturally unquestionable. No matter how strong Lucas Gray is, he won't be able to defeat Flame Dragon!"

"Haha, Mr. White, if I had known you had invited Flame Dragon's top experts, we would have just stopped Lucas Gray outside Clum Illuma and killed him. It would have saved me from feeling so worried."

Jace heaved a sigh of relief. But there was some dissatisfaction within him, as he felt that the white-bearded old man should have gotten rid of Lucas earlier.

The white-bearded old man glanced at Jace coldly without saying a word, making him shut up awkwardly.

The white-bearded old man had a solemn look in his eyes. If it were that easy to deal with Lucas Gray, why would I have to wait until now?

...

Jordan, who was driving in the Land Rover, obviously noticed that the black Mercedes-Benz in front was driving in a strange route, "Lucas, they seem to have discovered us."

“Speed up and crash into them!” Lucas ordered.

“Yes!”

Jordan floored the accelerator. The Land Rover, whose engine had been modified for much greater performance, instantly sped up, zooming toward the black Mercedes-Benz with a loud roar.

But when the distance between the two cars was only about 50 meters, Lucas suddenly felt danger. His expression changed as he shouted at Jordan, “Brake!”

Jordan had followed Luca for a long time, so he instantly obeyed his every command without hesitation and slammed on the brakes.

Screech!

Bang!

But almost as soon as he slammed on the brakes, the explosive sound of a sniper bullet hitting the front hood of the car came, and a small hole formed in the metal.

Jordan’s face immediately darkened. If Lucas hadn’t just shouted for him to brake in time, the sniper bullet might have shot him in the head.

“They actually sent snipers!” Jordan glanced in the direction where the bullet came from while exuding a murderous aura.

But since the effective range of a sniper rifle was generally 1,500 meters, which is way too far, it was difficult to distinguish quickly where the sniper was hiding.

Moreover, if there was any further delay, they would lose track of Jace’s car.

“I’ll drive!” Lucas said decisively.

Jordan immediately got up and sat in the passenger seat while Lucas got up from the backseat to move to the driver’s seat.

The two were long-time comrades who had tacit cooperation, so they switched seats almost instantly.

Lucas continued driving toward the Mercedes-Benz in front, but soon, several sniper gunshots resounded.

Relying on his strong perception, Lucas controlled the speeding Land Rover and would dodge perfectly by turning, braking, drifting, and so on before the bullets struck.

The Land Rover, which was a metal structure, seemed to come to life like a tiger under Lucas's hands as he narrowly evaded all the sniper bullets.

At this moment, the Mercedes-Benz seized this opportunity to speed up to the maximum and raced through the streets of DC with no regard for the traffic lights.

Both vehicles were moving extremely fast, but Lucas had to cope with dodging sniper bullets at the same time, so the distance between the cars inevitably widened.

Any ordinary person who was continuously bombarded by sniper bullets would have lost the target even if they were lucky enough not to get shot by the bullets.

But Lucas followed closely behind the Mercedes-Benz and remained in pursuit of his target despite the constant interference affecting his speed.

Seeing the bullet holes and sparks constantly appearing on the car, Jordan flew into a rage. "Those bastards! How dare they use snipers in DC?!"

Based on the frequency and angles of the shots, there was definitely more than one sniper rifle in use.

The other party had clearly come prepared!

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However, even though the Flame Dragon experts were well prepared, they probably didn't expect Lucas to be able to dodge the sniper bullets while still driving the Land Rover in pursuit of Jace and the white-bearded old man.

So after Lucas drove far away, the sounds of the sniper gunshots ceased. Clearly, there were constraints on the snipers' positions, and Lucas had already left their range. Even the best snipers wouldn't be able to do anything.

Without the interference of the sniper rifles, Lucas immediately floored the accelerator of the Land Rover and chased after the Mercedes-Benz at full speed.

The performance of the modified Land Rover was shown at this moment as the distance between the Land Rover and the black Mercedes-Benz continuously narrowed.

"Mr. White, what should we do?! They're about to catch up!" Jace kept looking backward.

At first, he actually felt smug while watching sniper bullets constantly hitting Lucas's car. But he didn't expect that they would only hinder Lucas for a moment. They didn't manage to do any substantial damage to Lucas or his car.

Seeing Lucas's car getting closer and closer, Jace was scared out of his wits.

Next to him, the white-bearded old man had a gloomy expression.

He originally thought his backup plan would definitely stop Lucas. And if they were lucky, they might even be able to shoot Lucas dead, but he didn't expect the outcome to fall short of his expectations.

When Jace saw the grim expression on the white-bearded old man's face, he panicked even more and said repeatedly, "Mr. White, hurry up and think of a solution! Did you only arrange one backup plan? Where are the top assassins from Flame Dragon you mentioned? There shouldn't be only those snipers, right?"

"You said that I'm the one who will inherit the position of the Whiteleys' helmsman in the future. How can I let that bastard Lucas Gray catch me?! Quickly think of a way out!"

Jace urged anxiously, afraid that he would fall into Lucas's hands again.

“Shut up! Or I’ll throw you down immediately!” the white-bearded old man yelled in exasperation while glaring at Jace.

Jace was stunned and could only shut his mouth, though he was still terrified and anxious.

The white-bearded old man looked at the Land Rover getting closer and closer, and his brows furrowed tightly.

The other party’s car was faster than theirs. Even if they drove at full speed, they couldn’t escape from Lucas’s pursuit. Now, he could only block Lucas himself and get the driver to take Jace away.

After thinking of this, the white-bearded old man immediately ordered in a deep voice, “Stop the car!”

Screech!

The driver immediately pulled over.

Seeing Lucas about to catch up and the white-bearded old man telling the driver to stop instead of escape, Jace was terrified!

Pitter-patter!

Pitter-patter!

The clear sounds of water dripping were very distinct in the enclosed space in the car.

The white-bearded old man looked at Jace and felt incredibly disappointed.

Was it really worth it risking his life for this stupid and timid person?

But he didn’t have a choice. Since he had promised that person, he had to keep Jace alive.

"I will stop him while the driver takes the opportunity to bring you away."

After taking a final glance at Jace, the white-bearded old man opened the car door and stepped out.

At this moment, Lucas's car had caught up. The car door opened, and Lucas and Jordan stepped out.

When the white-bearded old man saw another person beside Lucas, his pupils constricted. It seemed that he had to change his plans of trying to stop Lucas.

Lucas looked at the white-bearded old man and said coldly, "Hand Jace over."

The white-bearded old man narrowed his eyes at Lucas and said slowly, "Lucas Gray, no matter what, Jace is related to you by blood. Can't you spare him once? If you really kill him, Michael Hutton will be extremely miserable. Don't you care about his feelings at all?"

Lucas looked at him and said lightly, "I can spare him, but you must hand him over first and make him answer one of my questions truthfully."

This was the biggest concession he could make.

What he wanted to know the most right now was the secret about his mother. If Jace told him the truth, it wasn't impossible for him to spare his life.

The matter of his mother was the most important thing to Lucas.

When Lucas spoke with Michael previously, he had asked about his mother's secret, but Michael would rather sacrifice Jace than tell him. It was enough to show how important his mother's secret was.

Since Michael refused to speak, the only person who could tell him about it was Jace.

In order to get the truth, he could even let Jace off for the time being.

A look of hesitation appeared on the white-bearded old man's face. But after a brief moment of hesitation, he said very firmly, "No, you're so skilled in martial arts. If I really hand him over to you, how can I be sure that you'll spare his life? I don't trust you."

Jordan said coldly, "Lucas has always been a man of his word. Since he has said so, he will never lie to you. But since you don't trust him, we don't have to waste our breaths on you. When Lucas stops you, I can easily drag that bastard Jace out of the car!"

Previously, Lucas had informed Jordan that this white-bearded old man was rather strong.

Jordan thought he was no match for the white-bearded old man, but it would be an easy task for him to stop Jace's car and pull him out from inside.

Lucas looked at the white-bearded old man again and asked, "Do you really refuse to hand him over?"

The white-bearded old man gritted his teeth. "If you want Jace, you have to go through me first!"

Lucas frowned. Since the opponent was so stubborn, he didn't have to be polite anymore.

"Come on then. Jordan, do it!"

With Lucas's command, Jordan immediately rushed toward the Mercedes-Benz!

"Don't even think about it!" the white-bearded old man shouted and immediately rushed toward Jordan to stop him.

But a figure instantly appeared in front of the white-bearded old man.

Lucas's icy cold voice followed. "I'm your opponent!"

Immediately afterward, Lucas smashed his fist at the white-bearded old man's face.

The white-bearded old man didn't dare to be negligent and raised his palms to block Lucas's blow.

But Lucas's action obstructed him from stopping Jordan.

At this moment, the white-bearded old man looked extremely grim.

He knew that Lucas was extremely strong, and he probably wasn't a match for him. He was only slightly better than him in terms of speed.

But if he took Jace with him and ran, it would be the same as last time. With a burden, his speed would be affected, and Lucas would still catch up.

Besides, Lucas wasn't alone now. He also brought a helper.

The white-bearded old man found it really difficult this time.

Charismatic Lucas Gray Chapter 1097

After stopping the white-bearded old man, Lucas didn't immediately attack him but stood in front of him and persuaded him earnestly, "Sir, you're a rare senior expert. If you really fight to the death with me, there's a high chance you'll die in my hands. It would be a great pity for an expert like you to die here.

"Moreover, it's not worth it for someone as skilled as you to fight to the death to protect a good-for-nothing like Jace. So, if you're willing to join my side now, I can assure you that I can give you everything that the Whitleys give you. In fact, I can give you double."

Lucas's expression was very serious.

Although he had only fought with the white-bearded old man once, the strength the old man displayed was incredible, and he was even stronger than Jordan. In particular, he was almost as fast as Lucas.

If such a powerhouse could submit to Lucas, it would be of great help to him.

Lucas was not short of money now, but he was short of some experts who could be of great use to him.

Now, he had plans to move to DC with his entire family and develop some businesses here.

DC was a place where major forces met, and the enemies Lucas would have to face in the future would become more and more powerful and difficult to deal with.

If he could get a top powerhouse like the white-bearded old man to join him and protect his family, he would definitely feel more at ease.

So he was very sincere in trying to convince the white-bearded old man to join his camp.

Unfortunately, although Lucas was very sincere, the white-bearded old man turned him down without negotiation.

The old man shook his head and said, "The Whiteleys saved my life before, so I can't be ungrateful to them. In order to repay them, I don't mind dying here!"

Hearing this, Lucas could only sigh in pity. But he didn't continue to persuade him.

People like the white-bearded old man would rather die than go against their morals, so it was absolutely impossible to win him over.

"Then, there's no other choice. It seems that we can only be enemies." Lucas's face gradually became cold.

For those destined to become his enemy, he would never show any mercy!

"Alright!"

The white-bearded old man gritted his teeth and suddenly charged toward Lucas with a roar.

Since things had come to this and their previous conflict was no longer resolvable, he could only go all out and get an advantage, which might help him stand a chance at winning.

Lucas sneered. Facing the old man's attack, he punched the center of the old man's chest without showing mercy!

Bang!

The old man's body was sent flying backward, as if he had suddenly been struck by a cannonball!

After flying more than ten meters away, the white-bearded old man's body finally crashed on the ground, and he spat out a mouthful of blood.

At this moment, the white-bearded old man's eyes were wide open in shock and horror as he stared at Lucas in disbelief.

He originally thought that his and Lucas's strength should be around the same level.

When he was in Orange County, they had almost never fought head-on, but the white-bearded old man knew that Lucas's speed seemed to be inferior to his. Later, Lucas had even chosen not to fight with the old man for the safety of his family, which had made the old man rather smug.

At Club Illuma tonight, the white-bearded old man had witnessed Lucas kill several powerhouses in a row and how skilled he was with his own eyes. The old man had already regarded Lucas as a top-level powerhouse on par with him.

But he finally understood now that everything he had seen was just the tip of the iceberg of Lucas's strength.

He hadn't witnessed Lucas's true strength at all!

Reason being, even until now, no one had been able to force Lucas to exert his full strength!

The punch just now made the white-bearded old man truly realize that he was worlds apart from Lucas!

Meanwhile...

When Jace saw the white-bearded old man rushing out to block Lucas and Jordan dashing toward his car, he was frightened out of his wits and frantically yelled at the driver, "Quick, hurry up and drive!"

Whoosh!

But before the driver could start driving, the glass window beside his ear was suddenly shattered by a large fist!

Afterward, a large hand grabbed the driver's neck and dragged him out of the car.

"Please... please spare me! I'm just a driver! I don't know anything! Please spare me!" the driver pleaded profusely, paralyzed with fear and as pale as a sheet.

Jordan wasn't going to kill a driver who was just taking orders. He threw him onto the ground casually and hollered, "Get lost!"

The driver immediately fled as if he had been spared from death.

At this point, the driver obviously didn't care who the person in the car was. The most important thing was to save his own life!

Seeing that the driver had been pulled out and driven away, Jace, in the backseat, curled up into a ball and wished he could shrink into the seat.

He was now incredibly terrified, especially when he saw Jordan's demonic face approaching from the rear window. His entire body was trembling.

What should I do?

What should I do now?

Now that the white-bearded old man was stuck in a fight with Lucas, he couldn't come to save him, and the driver had also been chased away. He was all alone with no one to rescue him!

At this moment, Jace's heart was full of regret. If he hadn't gone against Lucas, if he had heeded Michael's advice not to fight with Lucas, he probably wouldn't have ended up in this situation!

But it was all too late now!

Jordan opened the rear door, only to be overwhelmed with a stench that made him frown and grimace.

Jace was actually so scared that he lost control of his bowels. How could he have dared to fight against Lucas?

It was simply a humiliation to Lucas for someone like this to be his half-brother.

Jordan looked at Jace with contempt and said coldly, "Are you going to get out of the car obediently, or should I drag you out?"

Jace wanted to say he didn't want to choose either.

But after seeing Jordan's cold gaze that seemed ready to kill him at any moment, Jace shivered and said, "I... I'll get out myself!"

There was no other choice. If Jordan dragged him out of the car, Jace would definitely suffer immense pain.

But while Jace was dawdling to get out of the car and Jordan looked impatient, a figure suddenly rolled out from under the Mercedes-Benz, and a shiny dagger slashed straight at Jordan's calf!

Charismatic Lucas Gray Chapter 1098

Jordan was startled and immediately jumped back to dodge the attack. But the sharp dagger cut a slit in his pants and almost cut his calf.

Under the streetlights, the dagger in that man's hand flickered with a bluish light. It had obviously been coated with poison, and a minor cut by it would probably be fatal.

How vicious!

Jordan's expression immediately became grim. The slightest mistake or negligence would cause him to die here!

The petite and thin assassin got out from under the car. He was clad in an all-black outfit with a black ski mask on his face, covering his head well, revealing only his sharp eyes.

Although he was thin, he was very agile. Especially when he was wielding the poison-coated dagger, his moves were sharp and ruthless, and he would often attack the spots hardest to defend. He was obviously a professional assassin.

When Lucas saw this scene, his pupils suddenly constricted. Staring at the white-bearded old man, he hollered furiously, "You actually hired such a vicious assassin!"

The assassin's speed and moves were extremely vicious and shrewd, and the slightest negligence from his targets would be lethal. He was definitely sent by an extraordinarily powerful assassin organization.

The white-bearded old man smiled coldly. "That's right! As long as I can achieve my goal, hiring a few assassins is no big deal!"

"If you continue fighting with me, your friend will really get killed by the assassin!"

Lucas's eyes showed astonishing killing intent. "In that case, I don't need to keep you alive!"

At first, Lucas didn't want to offend the Whitleys badly or kill the old man. All he wanted was to find out about his mother's secret from Jace. If Jace was willing to explain truthfully, he wouldn't mind letting them off.

But the white-bearded old man actually hired such a powerful and vicious assassin to kill them. In that case, Lucas wouldn't spare his life.

Even though the old man had lived for decades, he couldn't help feeling fear and panic facing Lucas's terrifying killing intent. He gritted his teeth and said, "To tell you the truth, the assassin I found is from Flame Dragon, one of the top five international assassin organizations! Your friend is no match for him at all!

"If you continue fighting with me here instead of saving your friend, he'll definitely die!"

But Lucas remained standing still without any intention of helping Jordan.

He looked at the white-bearded old man and sneered. "It seems like you don't know me at all, and you've severely underestimated my friend's abilities.

"I might as well tell you the truth. I'm actually no stranger to Flame Dragon, and my friend has killed the top assassin of their organization!"

Hearing this, the old man immediately turned pale and exclaimed in horror, "How is that possible?"

If Lucas said that he had killed the top assassin of Flame Dragon, the old man would still be able to believe it.

But he couldn't believe that Jordan had killed the top powerhouse of Flame Dragon because Jordan was just Lucas's subordinate!

If even one of Lucas's subordinates had such strength, how skilled must Lucas be?

"That's absolutely impossible!"

Lucas didn't bother to explain it to him and just said coldly, "It's up to you whether you believe it or not. Now, it's time for you to go to hell!"

Then he attacked the white-bearded old man who had just gotten up from the ground again!

The old man stood rooted to the ground with a horrified expression, as he discovered Lucas's aura was extremely strong. He was just like an intense typhoon that carried a devastating oppressive force.

In front of Lucas, he was just like a small boat floating on the sea. In the face of such a violent storm, his only fate would be to be swept away and torn apart by the storm!

"Die!"

Before he could even move, Lucas's figure had already appeared in front of him and slammed his fist onto his chest once again with speed and strength that was beyond his imagination.

This time, Lucas didn't hold back. The destructive force in his fist had shattered all the ribs of the old man's chest, forming a huge dent in it!

The old man opened his mouth and spurted out a mouthful of blood as his body flew far away like a kite with a broken string before crashing hard on the ground.

But this time, it was impossible for him to stand up again!

"Who... exactly... are you?" The white-bearded old man raised his head from the ground with immense difficulty and looked at Lucas in a bid to find out something from him.

But Lucas had already turned around and walked away without looking at him.

The old man opened his mouth reluctantly, but he could no longer make a sound.

In his vision, Lucas's figure was gradually becoming blurry. Finally, everything turned into pitch-black darkness.

The old man's eyes lost their last luster. His head lolled to the side, and he died.

Even until he died, he still didn't know Lucas's true identity.

Who knew if he had a trace of regret at the last moments before death?

...

On the other side, Jordan and the black-clothed assassin from Flame Dragon were also fighting intensely.

Although that black-clothed assassin's movements were very agile and insidious, and he was holding a poison-coated dagger that no one should come into contact with, Jordan was extremely powerful too. Despite exerting all his strength, the assassin couldn't hurt Jordan at all, shocking him greatly.

"Hurry up and deal with him," Lucas said coldly after walking over. Then he walked away.

While Lucas was fighting with the white-bearded old man and Jordan was dealing with the black-clothed assassin who suddenly appeared, Jace had quietly gotten out of the other side of the car and fled in panic.

He knew that he probably couldn't get far on his own, so he was smart enough to hide in a pile of garbage at the side and cover himself with some large garbage bags.

But Lucas saw these actions.

After hearing Lucas's urging, Jordan immediately agreed. His movements when exchanging blows with the black-clothed assassin suddenly became much faster, and his entire body was full of battle intent.

"No!" The assassin's eyes flashed with an intense sense of fear and crisis.

The mission he had received was to try to stall Jordan and try to kill him if possible.

But when he really made a move, he realized that the young man in front of him was not easy to deal with at all. He couldn't even hurt Jordan with a surprise attack with his poisoned dagger.

Now that Lucas had already dealt with the white-bearded old man and walked over, if it became two against one, his situation would become worse!

Charismatic Lucas Gray Chapter 1099

The black-clothed assassin was just a hired killer, not a soldier who would risk his life to complete his mission at all costs. So after seeing the bad situation, he immediately thought of retreating. He turned around and fled.

The assassin thought, Given my speed, even if I can't beat them, I can escape easily—

But the next second, a sharp sound of something cutting through the air charged straight toward the back of his head.

Whoosh!

The assassin was shocked and immediately moved to dodge, but it was already too late. A sharp rock penetrated his head from the back, instantly mangling the flesh of his brain and killing him.

Thud!

The assassin was still in the posture of running forward when he suddenly fell to the ground and turned motionless.

"Tsk!" Jordan sighed and said with displeasure, "Lucas, you already said that you would leave this person to me to deal with. I haven't even put out any real moves yet!"

Lucas said, "He was a top expert from Flame Dragon and already decided to escape. Even if you could catch up with him, it'd be too troublesome. I might as well just kill him."

Normally, Lucas would have let Jordan deal with the assassin to practice his skills. But at this moment, Lucas just wanted to catch Jace as soon as possible and find out about his mother's secret. He didn't want any other trouble to arise.

"Okay then." Jordan could only nod and walk to the Mercedes-Benz, only to discover that Jace was no longer inside.

"Huh? That punk was so scared that he soiled himself. He has the guts to run away?" Jordan was slightly surprised.

But he was not the least bit worried that Jace could have run far away within such a short time.

The moment he saw Lucas looking at the pile of garbage bags nearby, Jordan immediately understood.

“Damn it. He’s actually hiding somewhere so dirty!” Jordan pursed his lips and walked toward the bags of garbage.

He threatened coldly, “Are you going to get out yourself, or do you need me to drag you out?”

“ ... ”

No one made a sound.

Jace had buried himself in the pile of pungent garbage and hoped that no one would find him.

But he had forgotten that his entire body was trembling out of immense fear, and the plastic garbage bags around him kept rustling softly. He was probably the only one who thought that no one would be able to find him.

“Damn it! Are you pretending to be dead? If you don’t come out, I’ll kick you until you’re dead!” Jordan roared and kicked away a garbage bag blocking Jace’s head.

“Ah! Ah... d-don’t kill me! Help! Don’t kill me!” Jace was terrified out of his wits and screamed loudly with his eyes closed.

Jace had long lost the airs and arrogance of a wealthy scion. Now, he was covered in filth, and apart from the stench of his own excreta, there was also the filth from the garbage heap he had crawled into. He was dirty and disheveled as he huddled in the garbage heap while begging for mercy. He was unbearably unsightly.

Lucas glanced at him coldly and instructed Jordan, “Get him to shut up and take him somewhere clean to speak.”

“Yes, Lucas!” Without saying another word, Jordan stepped forward and kicked Jace’s neck.

Jace’s eyes immediately rolled backward as he fainted.

...

Ten minutes later, in an unoccupied house in DC, Lucas was sitting on the couch in the living room while Jordan shoved Jace under the showerhead in the bathroom and rinsed him thoroughly under the running cold water.

“Ah!”

The cold water woke Jace up. As soon as he opened his eyes, he saw Jordan’s terrifying face and immediately wanted to scream.

“Shut up! If you dare to scream again, I’ll kill you right now even without Lucas’s instructions!” Jordan shouted coldly, making Jace shut up.

After Jace was mostly clean, Jordan picked him up, carried him into the living room, and threw him in front of Lucas.

Jace looked up in panic and saw Lucas sitting on the couch in front of him, looking at him with a hostile expression. Flustered, he immediately asked, “Lucas Gray, what... do you want to do?”

“You should know!” Lucas stood up and looked at Jace from above coldly. “You’d better explain honestly about my mother’s matter! If you dare to lie to me, I’ll kill you immediately!”

A formidable killing intent emerged in Lucas’s eyes.

Frightened by Lucas’s gaze, Jace huddled on the floor and stammered, “I... I actually, I actually don’t know what your mother’s secret is at all! The reason I said that last time was because I was... afraid you would kill me. That’s why I made it up!”

"I... don't know your mother well at all. How could I possibly know her secret? I really don't know anything!"

"Lucas... please just let me off this time on account that we're born to the same father! I promise I'll never trouble you again in the future, and I can even never appear in front of you again!"

"If that's not enough, then I... I can obey your orders and do whatever you ask me to do. Even if you tell me to kneel and lick your shoes, I'm willing!"

Then Jace even kneeled on the floor, looked at Lucas's leather shoes, moved his head forward, and stuck out his tongue.

Jace had already decided to go all out. In order to survive, he completely abandoned his dignity as a scion of the Huttons.

But Lucas was disgusted by the thought of Jace licking his shoes!

So he kicked Jace without hesitation and hollered, "That's disgusting! Let me ask you one last time. What do you know about my mother?"

"I'm warning you. My patience is limited! If you hide anything and try to deceive me again, I will kill you immediately!"

"As for us being half-brothers... Hah, you should know very well that you have never considered me your brother, and likewise, I have never considered you my brother!"

"I'm giving you one last chance now. If you honestly tell me everything I want to know, I can spare your life. But if you insist on not telling me anything or lying to me, you will die here!"

Lucas's loud voice was as cold as ice.

Jace spat out a mouthful of blood after being kicked by Lucas. He knew that Lucas wasn't lying. Lucas really dared to kill him!

If he didn't tell the truth now, he would really die here!

Jace gritted his teeth and finally said, "I... I'll tell you everything I know! Just before you and your mother were kicked out of the family twenty years ago, I overheard my parents arguing. At the time, my mother said, 'That woman's son isn't your child. Why do you want to keep them in the family?'"

"That... that's all I remember. I don't know if my mother was talking about your mother when she said that woman!"

"Anyway, my mother was really mad that day, and a few days later, you and your mother were kicked out of the Huttons."

"I was only ten at the time, and there are many things I don't know. When I asked my parents about it later, they forbade me from mentioning it again or telling anyone else about it."

"That's all I know! Really! I'm definitely not lying to you!"

Jace assured repeatedly, afraid that Lucas wouldn't believe him.

Charismatic Lucas Gray Chapter 1100

What Jace said was like a bolt from the blue, striking Lucas straight in the heart.

He looked at Jace with a dumbfounded expression, his ears buzzing. He couldn't believe what he had heard at all.

Although Jace said that he didn't know if Michael and his wife were talking about his mother back then, Lucas knew that Michael wasn't a promiscuous philanderer. Apart from Jace's mother, the only other woman he had had an intimate relationship with was Lucas's mother, Emma Gray.

Furthermore, based on time, the woman they had talked about was obviously his mother!

If what Jace said was true, it meant that Emma's son wasn't fathered by Michael. In other words, Lucas wasn't biologically related to the Huttons at all!

How... how was this possible?

"You're lying! You must have made it up to deceive me!"

"Jace Hutton, tell me honestly. It's all lies you made up, right?!"

Lucas's heart was trembling violently as he stepped forward and grabbed Jace's neck while hollering furiously.

His eyes were red, and he was almost unable to control his strength in the heat of the moment. Overwhelmed with fury, he choked Jace so hard that Jace's eyes rolled backward, and he was on the verge of death.

Seeing the situation going awry, Jordan quickly went forward to put his hand on Lucas's arm. He advised anxiously, "Lucas, calm down! Don't kill him yet. Let's question him slowly and make him tell the truth before you decide what to do next!"

"Lucas, if he dies now, it'll be difficult for us to find out the truth!"

Although Lucas was furious, he hadn't completely lost his mind. After hearing what Jordan said, he took two deep breaths to calm himself down and then let go of Jace's neck.

Jace had just experienced his closest shave with death, and his face was purplish. He lay on the floor, panting heavily, his heart filled with indescribable fear.

He had once again wet his pants out of horror, but it was unnoticeable because his clothes were already drenched in cold water.

He had almost been strangled to death by Lucas. So to Jace, Lucas had become the most terrifying person in the world, even more terrifying than devils!

"Jace, I'll give you one last chance. If you dare to lie to me again, I'll break your neck! If you haven't had enough of the taste just now, I can fulfill your wishes!"

Lucas clenched his fists, trying his best to keep himself calm.

But everyone could tell that Lucas was on the brink of losing his temper and that he was just trying to contain his anger. If Jace really provoked him again, Lucas would definitely kill him in a fit of anger.

Jace understood this very well. He knelt on the ground and cried miserably. "I was telling the truth! I wouldn't dare to lie to you!"

"If... if you don't believe me, you can call Dad right now and ask him if I lied or not! I swear I didn't lie to you. If what I said isn't true, you... you can kill me right now!"

Jace was so flustered that he kept babbling and swearing oaths.

When Lucas heard this, the anger in his heart gradually subsided.

He knew that Jace was extremely terrified of death. Now that he had said this while facing the threat of death, it meant that everything he said was the truth.

In other words, he really wasn't Michael's biological son, nor was he a Hutton at all!

"How... how is this possible... It shouldn't be like this," Lucas murmured, at a loss. He took a couple of steps back and fell on the couch behind him.

The truth that Jace revealed completely subverted everything that Lucas had known for over two decades of his life.

It was Jordan's first time seeing Lucas so dispirited and despondent.

But he had also heard what Jace just said, so he could empathize with Lucas at this moment.

Jordan had been working for Lucas for years, and Lucas had never hidden any secrets from him, regardless of what he did. He treated Jordan as his brother, so Jordan was very clear about the complicated emotions that Lucas had for the Huttons.

In the past, Lucas had been holding a grudge against the Huttons because Michael had driven him and his mother out of the Huttons, which had caused Emma to die at an early age.

But because of Lucas's mother's last words before her death, Lucas let the Huttons off the hook and didn't take revenge on them or Michael. Thus, he had no choice but to force himself to bear with the hatred.

Otherwise, the Huttons and Michael would have perished a long time ago.

But what Jace said revealed that Lucas wasn't biologically related to the Huttons at all, nor was he Michael's son. In that case, the hatred he had borne for them for years was no longer justified.

Moreover, since Lucas wasn't Michael's son, who was his biological father?

Why did he abandon him and his mother over two decades ago?

Why would Michael rather let Lucas resent him for years than tell him the truth?

It left Lucas in great confusion.

Jordan thought about it and said cautiously, "Lucas, why don't you call Michael Hutton and ask about it?"

No amount of caution was too much when it came to matters related to one's biological parents.

Lucas suddenly stood up and said firmly. "That's right. I'm going to get a clear explanation from Michael Hutton!"

Since he couldn't make things clear over the phone, he had to question Michael face to face!

He wanted to know the truth of the matter!

Lucas strode toward the door while Jordan quickly asked, "Lucas, what about this guy?"

He pointed at Jace, who was curled up into a ball on the floor, looking terrified.

Lucas looked at Jace with a complicated expression before saying, "Take him with us. We'll go to the Huttons together."

"Yes, Lucas!" Jordan immediately acknowledged.

...

During the journey, Lucas sat in the passenger seat with a gloomy expression and complicated emotions within him.

In fact, although he hadn't gone to Michael to ask yet, he was already clear of the outcome.

He probably really wasn't Michael's son.

If Michael really wasn't his father, it would no longer be necessary for him to resent him for being so heartless for so many years.

Besides, Jace was Michael's only son, and he could... no longer harm him easily.

1

Hah, how ridiculous!

Forty minutes later, the black Land Rover drove up to the gate of the Hutton manor in DC.

It was the first time Lucas had returned to this familiar gate since he was driven out of the family when he was eight years old.